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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin: an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts.
By John Howard Payne. First represented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Dec. 8, 1818. 8vo. pp. 53. London. 1818.

"SEVEN plays upon the subject of Brutus," says Mr. P., in his Preface, "are before the public. Only two have been thought capable of representation, and those two did not long retain possession of the stage. In the present play, I have had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and language of my predecessors, wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which I had prescribed. This has been so done as to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property. Such obligations, to be culpable, must be secret; but it may be observed, that no assistance of other writers can be available, without an effort, almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition."

Now, at this statement, we confess ourselves exceedingly disappointed. A printed paper was circulated, on the appearance of *Brutus*, on the stage, in which were the following words, as quoted in the Literary Journal, No. 38, p. 602:—"There are several plays upon the subject of Brutus, none of them suited to the stage, but some two or three possessing meritorious points, of which the author has availed himself, in a manner which will be *fully acknowledged* when the tragedy is published." We confess, that from this promise we did suffer ourselves to expect, that "when the tragedy was published," the "*full acknowledgment*," as distinguished from the *first acknowledgment*, would consist in direct and particular references to every production to which Mr. P. stands indebted for any conception, arrangement, incident, speech, thought, or expression, throughout the play! This course, we thought, and, (as we confess,) we still think, the only one by means of which Mr. P. would be enabled, on the one hand,

"to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property;" and, on the other, to vindicate his own claims to originality and poetic merit. Why this course has not been taken, it is not for us to say. We have no leisure for reading the "seven plays" from which Mr. P. confesses himself to have borrowed more or less. The majority of the public are, we suspect, in the same situation; and the consequence, therefore, of this want of explicitness, in the "full acknowledgment," as it is called, must be,—either that we, and readers in general, will regard the tragedy before us as mainly the production of Mr. P., at the risk of *considerable* "injury to personal feelings or private property;" or, that we, and they, consider Mr. P. as having had very little to do with the matter—at a risk equally imminent, and equally to be shunned—though in an opposite direction!

We have no doubt that Mr. P. has, in reality, contributed a large share of mental exertion to this play; and, therefore, we cannot but regret that he has not found the means to render to himself greater justice. The argument attempted in the concluding part of the passage just quoted can have no such effect; for it is altogether untenable in the view in which it appears to be put forth. The acts, or "labours", of availing ourselves of the assistance of other writers, and of original composition, are incapable of being compared with each other. No common measure can be instituted between the "labours" of an original writer, and the "labours" of a compiler; between an inventor and a handicraft; between the inventor of watches and a watchmaker. By the language held by Mr. P., he has voluntarily, and, we apprehend, injudiciously, descended from the rank of a poet, and placed himself among the whole crowd of theatrical artists; sharing his place with the players, dress and property makers, machinists, and scene-painters, orchestra and gas-lights, through all whose combined attractions the performance of *Brutus* is made a showy and acceptable evening's entertain-

ment. If "labours" of totally opposite kinds are to be compared, and if the workman is to share the glory of the inventor, then any one of the hodmen, who were employed at the building of St. Paul's, might have disputed the palm with Sir Christopher Wren; or, not to *travel out of the record*, the scene-shifters at Drury Lane may compare their "labours" with the "labours" of Mr. P., and contend for superiority. What a different idea must not Shakspeare have had, of the value of "original composition," and of the pretensions of the dramatic art, when he himself—inspired—cried out,

"O for a muse of fire,
That might ascend the brightest heaven of invention!"

and for us—it is impossible for us—from any consideration whatever—from any share of personal respect for Mr. P.—and we entertain much—so far to abandon our duty, as not to proclaim our sense of the attempt before us. Mr. P. has been inadvertent; but we, on our part, must not sin with our eyes open. We could be silent—but, if we are to speak, the truth must out. Why is it, that consistently with the implied meaning of the words in the Preface, we do not read on the title-page, "compiled, altered, and adapted, by," or as the case may be, instead of "By," that is, "written by, &c.?" Or, if Mr. P.'s obligations are really few, why are they not particularized, and by that means his general claim to originality asserted? If, on the other hand, large loans are taken (and, then, we should contend, not with "full acknowledgment") from previous writers, then the information contained in the Literary Journal, No. 37, may be correct, and is easily accounted for. An old friend of the late Mr. Cumberland may easily have insisted, from scene to scene, on that writer's ownership of the play, if Mr. P., in the largest sense which may be given to the words, has "had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and language of his predecessors, wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which he had prescribed" to himself.

But, be the author or authors of this tragedy, whom they may, we proceed to offer our readers some extracts, at once to gratify those who have, and who have not witnessed the performance. The story has been given to the readers of the *Literary Journal*, (No. 38, p. 602); the play opens with a well judged exposition of the crimes of the Tarquinian family:—

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter VALERIUS and LUCRETIVS.

Val. Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin.

By poison he obtain'd his brother's wife,
Then, by a baser murder, grasp'd the crown
These eyes beheld the aged monarch, thrown
Down from the senate house,—his feeble limbs

Bruis'd by the pavement,—his time honour'd locks

Which, from the very robber would have gain'd
Respect and veneration,—bath'd in blood!
With difficulty rais'd, and tottering homeward
The murderers follow'd—struck him—and he died!

Luc. Inexpiable crime!

Val. High in her regal chariot Tullia came—
The corpse lay in the street. The charioteer
Turn'd back the reins in horror. "On, slave,
on!

Shall dead men stop my passage to a throne?"
Exclaim'd the parricide. The gore was dash'd
From the hot wheels up to her diadem!

Luc. And Heaven's avenging lightnings
were withheld!

Here rules this Tullia, while the king, her husband,

Wastes our best blood in giddy, guilty war!
Spirit of Marcus Junius!—Would the gods
Deign to diffuse thy daring through the land,
Rome from her trance, with giant spring,
would start,

Dash off her fetters, and amaze the world!

Val. Junius didst say? Oh! tyranny long
since

Had sunk—chain'd—buried in its native hell;
But Tarquin, trembling at his virtues, murder'd

Him and his elder son. The younger Lucius,
Then on his travels, 'scap'd the tyrant's sword
But lost his reason at their fearful fall.

Luc. Aye, the same Lucius who now dwells
with Tarquin.—

The jest, the fool, the laughing stock o' th'
'court,

Whom the young princes always carry with 'em
To be the but of their unfeeling mirth.

Val. Hold I hear steps Great things
may yet be done,

If we are men and faithful to our country.

[*Exeunt.*]

The first scene of the second act, in which Collatinus is rallied on his affection for his wife, and foundation for the tragedy of Lucretia is laid, must not be omitted in our extracts:—

The Tent of SEXTUS in the Camp before Ardea.
A magnificent Banquet.

SEXTUS, COLLATINUS, CLAUDIUS, AND ARUNS, *discor'd drinking.*

Ser. Come, then, here's to the fairest nymph
in Italy;
And she's in Rome.

Ar. Here's to the fairest nymph in Italy;
And she is not in Rome.

Ser. Where is she then?

Ar. Ask Collatine; he'll swear she's at
Collatia.

Ser. His wife!

Ar. Even so

Cl. Is it so, Collatine?

Well, 'tis praiseworthy in this vicious age
To see a young man true to his own spouse.

Oh, 'tis a vicious age! When I behold
One who is bold enough to steer against
The wind and tide of custom, I behold him
With veneration; 'tis a vicious age.

Col. Laugh on! though I'm the subject!
If to love

My wife's ridiculous, I'll join the laugh;
Though I'll not say if I laugh at, or with you!

Ar. (*Ironically.*) The conscious wood was
witness to his sighs,

The conscious Dryads wiped their watery
eyes,

For they beheld the wight forlorn, to-day,
And so did I;—but I shall not betray.

Here now he is, however, thanks to me;
That is, his semblance, for his soul dwells
hence.

How was it when you parted? (*minicking.*)
She,—"My love,

Fear not, good sooth, I'll very constant prove."
He:—"And so will I,—for, wheresoe'er I

steer,
'Tis but my mortal clay, my soul is here."

(*All laugh.*)

Ser. And prythee, Collatine, in what array
Did the God Hymen, come to thee? How
dress'd,

And how equip'd? I fear me much, he left
His torch behind, so that thou could'st not see
A fault in thy belov'd; or, was the blaze
So burning bright, that thy bedazzled eyes
Have since refused their office?

Col. And doth Sextus

Judge by his own experience, then, of others?
To him, I make no doubt, hath Hymen's
torch

Discover'd faults enough! what pity 'twas
He had not likewise brought 'th' other hand
A mirror, where the prince might read him-
self.

Ser. I like thee now: thou'rt gay, and I'll
be grave.

As to those dear, delicious creatures, women,
Hear what my own experience has taught me;
I've ever found 'em fickle, artful, amorous,
Fruitful in schemes to please their changeful
fancies,

And fruitful in resources when discover'd.
They love unceasingly—they never change—

Oh, never!—no!—excepting in the object.
Love of new faces is their first great passion,

Then love of riches, grandeur, giddy sway!
Knowing all this, I seek not constancy,

But, to anticipate their wishes, rove,
Humour their darling passion and are bless'd!

Col. This is the common cant: the stale,
gross, idle,

Unmeaning jargon, of all those, who, consci-
ous

Of their own littleness of soul, avoid
With timid eye, the face of modest virtue:

Who, mingling only with the base, and flush'd
With triumphs over those they dare attack,

The weak, the forward, or deprav'd, declare,
(And fain would make their shallow notions

current,)

That womankind are all alike, and boot
At Virtue, wheresoe'er she passes by them.

I have seen sparks like these,—and I have
seen

A little worthless village cur, all night

Bay with incessant noise the silver moon,
While she, serene, throned in her pearly car,
Sail'd in full state along.—But Sextus' judg-
ment

Owens not his words,—and the resemblance
glances

On others, not on him.

Ser. Let it glance where and upon whom it
will,

Sextus is careless of the mighty matter.

Now hear what I have seen: I've seen young
men

Who, having fancied they have found perfec-
tion—

Col. Sextus, no more—lest I forget myself,
And thee.—I tell thee, prince—

Ar. Nay, hold!

Sextus you go too far.

Ser. Why, pray, good Sir, may I not praise
the wife

Of this same testy, froward husband here,
But on his cheek offence must quivering sit,
And dream'd of insult?

Col. I heed you not, jest on, I'll aid your
humour:

Let Aruns use me for his princely laughter,
Let Claudius deck me with ironic praise;

But when you touch a nearer, dearer subject,
Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,

Who can sit still, and hear, with skulking
coolness,

The least abuse, or shadow of a slight,
Cast on the woman whom he loves! though

here

Your praise or blame are pointless equally,
Nor really add the least, nor take away

From her true value more than they could
add

To th' holy gods, or stain them on their
thrones!

Ar. If that a man might dare to ope his lips
When Collatinus frowns, I would presume

To say one word in praise of my own wife;
And I will say, could our eyes stretch to

Rome,

In spite of the perfections of Lucretia,
My wife, who loves her fireside and hates gad-
ding,

Would prove far otherwise employ'd,—and
better,—

Aye, better, as a woman, than the deity
Residing at Collatia.

Ser. (*aside.*) Well timed:—I'll seize th' oc-
casion:

View this Lucretia ere I sleep, and satisfy
My senses whether fame has told the truth.

Aloud) I'll stake my life on't—Let us mount
our horses

And post away this instant towards Rome,—
That we shall find thy wife, and his, and his,

Making the most of this, their liberty.
Why, 'tis the sex: enjoying to the full,

The swing of license which their husband's
absence

Affords. I'll stake my life that this is true:
And that my own, (ill as I may deserve it)—

Knows her state best, keeps best within the
bounds

Her matron duties claim; that she's at home
While your's are feasting at their neighbour's

houses.

What say'st thou, Collatine?

Col. Had I two lives I'd stake them on the
trial,

Nor fear to live both out.

Ser. Let us away then.

Come, come, my Collatinus,—droop not
thus—

Be gay.

Col. I am not sad.

Ser. But fearful for th' event.

Col. Not in the least.

Sen. A little.

Col. Not a whit.

You do not know Lucretia.

Sen. But we shall.

Let's lose no time. Come, brothers! Let's away. [Exeunt omnes.]

Sextus having exultingly related the story of his crime to the fool Brutus, the latter suddenly bursts into the following vehement series of maledictions:—

The Furies curse you then!—lash you with snakes!

When forth you walk, may the red, flaming, sun

Strike you with livid plagues!—

Vipers, that die not, slowly gnaw your heart

May earth be to you but one wilderness!

May mankind shun you—may you hate yourself—

For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures
Millions of years expiring!

The next, and most important part of the play, in a view solely literary, is the scene at the Forum, in which Brutus excites the Roman people (called in the printed play, the "mob" and the "populace") to overturn the monarchy, in revenge for the crime of the king's son:—

SCENE IV.—The Forum.

The populace fill the stage. BRUTUS is discovered upon the Forum. The dead body of LUCRETIA is on a bier beneath. COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, and the FEMALE ATTENDANTS of LUCRETIA, stand around her corpse. VALERIUS and others are seen.

Br. Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts

Permitted utterance, we have told our story:

And now, to say one word of the imposture,—

The mask necessity has made me wear:

When the ferocious malice of your king,—

King do I call him?—when the monster,

Tarquin,

Slew, as you most of you may well remember,

My father Marcus and my elder brother,

Envy at once their virtues and their wealth,

How could I hope a shelter from his power,

But in the false face I have worn so long?

1st. Rom. Most wonderful!

2d. Rom. Silence! he speaks again.

Br. Would you know why I summon'd

you together?

Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this

dagger,

Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corpse!

See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!

She was the mark and model of the time,

The mould in which each female face was

form'd,

The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!

Fairer than ever was a form created

By youthful fancy when the blood strays

wild

And never resting thought is all on fire!

The worthiest of the worthy! Not the

nymph

Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,

And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine

Can I conceive beyond her;—the young choir

Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis won-

derful

Amid the dandel, hemlock, and base weeds

Which now spring rise from the luxuriant
compost

Sprad o'er the realm, how this sweet lily
rose,—

How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring
plants

Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but array'd, in purest grace,

She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such per-
fections,

Might have call'd back the torpid breast of
age

To long forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abash'd the boldest libertine,

And turn'd desire to reverential love
And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen!

You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome; old age

Forgot its crutch, labour its task, all ran,
And mothers turning to their daughters,

cried.
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye

where she lies!
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet

rose
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone!

All. Sextus shall die!

Br. But then—the king—his father—

1st. R. What shall be done with him?

2d. R. Speak Brutus!

3d. R. Tell us!

Br. Say, would ye seek instructions? would
ye ask

What ye should do? Ask ye you conscious
walls,

Which saw his poison'd brother, saw the in-
cest

Committed there, and they will cry, revenge!

Ask you deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corpse, 'twill cry, re-

venge!
Ask yonder senate house, whose stones are

purple
With human blood, and it will cry, revenge!

Go to the tomb, where lies his murder'd wife,
And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her

son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, re-

venge!
The temples of the gods, the all viewing hea-

vens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry

And swell the general sound, revenge, re-
venge!

All. Revenge! Revenge!

Br. And we will be reveng'd, my country-
men!

Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're reveng'd, be dearer

to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

1st. R. Live, Brutus!

2d. R. Valiant Brutus!

3d. R. Down with Tarquin!

2d. R. We'll have no Tarquins!

1st. R. We will have a Brutus!

3d. R. Let's to the capitol and shout for
Brutus.

Br. I, your king?

Brutus your king?—No, fellow-citizens!

If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one—

By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwin'd my

heart.
Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble
Brutus!

Brutus, the new restor'd! Brutus, by Sybil,
By Pythian prophetess foretold, shall lead us!

Br. Now take the body up. Bear it be-
fore us

To Tarquin's palace! there we'll light our
torches,

And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send

Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus
leads you!

[Exeunt; the mob shouting.]

In the third act, Titus, the son of Brutus, is made to commit a crime, the enormity of which is not enough insisted upon, in the subsequent parts of the play, in order to its making a due impression on the audience, and affording ground for the severe decision of Brutus. We extract the passage in which it is described; and, for so doing, we expect the thanks of many readers, and of the author himself, since we thus render prominent what has certainly been placed in too much retirement from the eye:—

SCENE II.—A Street in Rome.

Enter HORATIUS and CELIUS.

Hor. Brutus and Collatinus are appointed
To sovereign sway, as consuls for the year.
Their self-elected senate meets to-morrow,
Tho' some remain, too honest for their views.
These, for security, exact conditions—
They ask a chief whose well established fame
May win the hearts of this inconstant people;
A chief so brave, that, should we prove vic-
torious,

We may compel the king to keep his faith;
Or, if we fall, boldly revenge our deaths—
And such a chief I've found.

Cel. Indeed!—In whom?

Hor. The consul's son—his much lov'd son,
—young Titus.

Cel. What! to rebel against his father's
power!

Hor. Aye, he is our's. This very night,
Tarquinia

Will lead him forth to the Quirinal gate,
Whence they straight hasten to the camp at

Ardea.
Innocuous youth is wrought upon with ease.

Though 'tis his father's frown upon his love,
And early vows pledg'd to the fair Tarquinia,

Alone, which prompt him thus to head our
band.

Once in our pow'r, we'll mould him to our
ends;

His very name will prove a tower of strength,
And Rome, once more, shall be restor'd to

Tarquin.
Cel. Bravely resolv'd!—But tell me—where
is Tullia?

Hor. A captive, and confin'd in Rhea's
temple,

Watch'd by the vestals, who there guard the
flame

Upon the tomb where lies her murdered father.
Unhappy Queen! our swords shall soon re-

lease thee!
Come! Hence at once! The hour draws

near—away—
Ere two days pass, these reptiles shall be

crush'd,
And humbled Rome sue for its monarch's
pardon.

The "last scene" shall also be the
last of our extracts:—

Exterior of the Temple of MARS. Senators, Ci-
tizens, COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, disco-
vered. At the left of the stage, a Tribunal,

with a Consular Chair upon it. BRUTUS enters, followed by VALERIUS;—he bows as he passes, and ascends the Tribunal.

Br. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day

Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire

Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and tho' villains,

Yet they are manly villains—But to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger

To freedom's infant throat,—is a deed so black,

That my foil'd tongue refuses it a name.

[A pause.]

There is one criminal still left for judgment.
Let him approach.

(TITUS is then brought in by the LICTORS,
with their axes turned edgewise towards him.)

Want of room obliges us to close this extract abruptly, and to defer the remainder till our next.—In all the passages which we have now brought before our readers, perhaps none will claim much notice on the score of diction, except the speech of Brutus at the Forum; and of this the truly striking part is the concluding thirteen lines:—

Br. I, your king?

Brutus your king?—No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one king's fibre,—yea, but one—
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus!

Brutus, the new restor'd! Brutus, by Sybil,
By Pythian prophetic foretold, shall lead us!

Br. Now take the body up. Bear it before me.

To Tarquin's palace! there we'll light our torches,

And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!

The friend of the late Mr. Cumberland (already referred to) insisted most peremptorily, on the first night of the performance, that this speech satisfied him of the authorship of Mr. C.;—that he remembered this speech—and that it would be found, when printed, full of beautiful poetry. The reader will at least recognize, that it is full of imitations of Shakespeare, Otway, &c.

We must now, in drawing toward a conclusion, repeat our anxiety to know how much of this play (the literary claims of which are thus fairly before our readers) is the real property of Mr. P.? The production of a successful tragedy is no small achievement, and the "original composition" of such a tragedy would confer no small fame. But it is not to be surreptitiously ob-

tained; the wreath is not to be stolen from other brows.

Mr. P. is a native of the United States of America, and it will give us singular pleasure to be able to establish, that under whatever frowns the Muse may labour on that soil, her children need only to be transplanted, to show their inherent strength and beauty. We are not of the opinion which has been erroneously attributed to Buffon, That *Nature*, (in the language of Mr. Jefferson) *belittles* her works in America*; our notion is, that *man* does all the mischief; and we think, that though, under the existing political institutions of the United States, it is not to be dreamed of, that *polite letters*, or the *fine arts*, can ever flourish within the limits of their territory, there is no reason why their people, placed in more auspicious circumstances, should not reap their fullest share of human renown. In the *fine arts*, the names of West, Copley, and Turnbull, have already vindicated, in Europe, the cause of Anglo-American genius; and it will give us no surprize, and will obtain our warmest welcome, whenever the United States shall give to England a man of genius in any new department of the imagination. To be born in the first of these two countries will never, we hope, be fatal to him, provided he is educated and patronized in the second†.

We have, beside, a different reason for wishing to know how much of the "Fall of Tarquin" is to be attributed to the pens of British subjects; and our reason consists in this, that not so much the story, as the manner of treating the story, appears to us to be far better adapted to the stage of the United States than to the stage of Great Britain; to the stage of a democracy, than to that of an ancient and venerated monarchy. We take the stage of every country to be a matter not improperly connected with the state-policy of that country. How

* See this often-repeated misrepresentation of the language of the great naturalist explained and refuted, in "General Views of the Zoologies of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, by E. A. Kendall, Esq. F. A. S." printed in the Colonial Journal.

† Meeting, a few days since, a gentleman from the United States, and addressing him, (with some malice, we confess) with an inquiry, how it was that he staid so long from the *land of liberty*, we were very happily answered in these words: "I am content, at present, with the *land of liberality*."—We know, in the mean time, that there are really those who think, and perhaps truly, that the climate of the settlements in America is really unfavourable both to the minds and bodies of those who are born under it.

far the overthrow of a monarchy—the success of a popular sedition—is a fit subject for scenic representation, and at this time,—we shall not stay to analyse; but we can well enough discern, among the audiences of Drury Lane, one source of the popularity of Brutus, which the Lord Chamberlain has not, perhaps, anticipated. What will be the fate of the "Rape of Lucretia," and of other parts of the fable, when it comes before the critics of the United States, we shall not venture to anticipate; but that the "Fall of Tarquin" should be found conformable to the state-policy and public feeling of a people who have thrown off a monarchy, and loaded their monarch with execrations and reproaches, will excite no amazement. Whether our state-policy, and our public feeling, is, or ought to be, the same with theirs, is quite another question.

Let us be distinctly understood. Far be it from us to argue or intend, that the crimes or vices of kings should be spared by poets. The most despotic eastern governments have imposed no such restraint. But to vilify a king is one thing, and to vilify kings is another. Tarquin may have been a wicked king, (though Brutus may have been a calumniating demagogue,) and, in that case, Tarquin is deservedly held up to execration; but, in the play of Brutus, before us, there are some slips, in which monarchy itself is assailed, on account of the crimes of Tarquin. Two or three passages, still easily thrown aside, strike us as peculiarly objectionable. Thus, in Act III, scene i, Brutus is made to say, in a manner which those, who have witnessed the representation, can alone appreciate—

"With your leave, majesty, I'll sit beside you;"

And again, soon after,

"Oh sight of pity!—majesty in ruins."

The last expression, delivered as Mr. Kean delivers it, fills us with wonder, both at the temerity and unfeelingness of the actor, and the endurance of a British audience!

The hostility, not merely to *Tarquin*, but to *kings*, which breathes through this play, is further evinced in a speech of Brutus, at the Forum, already quoted.

This speech would be easily dispensed with, and we should think its omission no more than a mark of decent respect for the feelings and the interests of a people who love their kings, and who know that the preservation of all their liberties depends on the safety of the

throne! For us, we cannot understand the use of such language, by whomsoever prompted, in the mouths of "His Majesty's servants;" and our pleasure is but little in seeing Mr. Kean made a fellow-workman with Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Anacreon Moore, and Mr. Wooller, in shaking the pillars of the constitution! Shall we add, that the whole scene at the Forum, with the lounging and familiar oratory of Mr. Kean, and the cries of the "mob," and the whole structure of the sedition, and the burning of Rome, remind us but too forcibly of Palace-yard and Spa-fields, and Dr. Watson and Mr. Hunt; and the taking of the Tower, &c.*

How far we may have to thank Mr. Peter Moore, and the spirit of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, for the retention of the above passages, we leave to other inquirers; but we will bring the merits of those passages, thus delivered by His Majesty's servants, to a plain test. Is it conceivable that the Prince Regent, or any member of His Majesty's family, could sit to hear them, without feeling himself personally insulted; and if so, what member of the great family of Englishmen, of whom the sovereign is the common father, can sit to hear them without a sense of that insult too?

We have said that the stage is a subject of state policy; and, with reference to this sentiment, we beg leave, before laying down our pen, to say one word of Shakspeare, and of the British stage, under an aspect not the most common. We allude to Shakspeare as a moralist, and as a loyal subject of the monarchy; and we beg our readers to figure to themselves in what way Shakspeare would have brought the story of Tarquin on the stage, if his judgment had permitted him to bring it there at all! In all the plays of Shakspeare, where *kings* are a part of the *dramatis personæ*, though the vices of kings are never sheltered, the kingly office is never disparaged, but, on the contrary, is upheld and sanctified. In the revolutions he portrays, if one king is overthrown, it is another who succeeds, and the downfall of a monarchy is never the subject of his exultation. Is it certain, then, that the value of the plays of Shakspeare to our constitutional interests is sufficiently understood, and the importance of the stage, and the *Shakespearean stage*, properly weighed and provided for?

* Literary comparisons between the addresses of Brutus and of Mark Anthony are obvious: but compare their political features!

ECONOMY IN GAS-LIGHT.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—Reading your Journal for the last week, I was particularly struck by a very interesting account of the *Basking Shark*, and my gratification was in no small degree heightened by the admirable illustration afforded by the wood-engraving; the effect of which was, certainly, infinitely superior to what I have yet seen in any periodical work, not exclusively devoted to the study of Zoology.

Having thus paid, what I conceive, but a just tribute to the highly respectable character of your Journal, I shall proceed to notice what appeared to me a consideration of considerable importance, and which was suggested by a perusal of the latter part of the abovementioned article.

A large fish is there said to produce eight barrels of oil, and two of useless sediment; or about one-fifth waste in the total quantity. Now this sediment, by a new process, (briefly described in one of your earlier numbers*) may be most advantageously applied to the making of gas-light, and, which, besides the advantage of a clear and brilliant flame, is totally free from the fetid smell, so generally complained of in coal-gas. If we add to this, the advantages that would accrue to the fisheries, and especially those for herrings, by the incentive it would afford to our fishermen, employed on the British coast, in the pursuit of this voracious monster of the deep. I trust that the subject will be considered of sufficient importance to merit an insertion in your valuable columns.

Your's, &c.

B. Y

THE MINSTREL OF BRUGES.

(Concluded from our last, p. 618.)

PART FIFTH.

WHEN happiness has not been preceded by pain it is the less agreeable, for the value of all things is doubled by contrast. A rich man, who has never been poor, knows not the worth of money; and successful love, that has not met with difficulties, does not afford supreme felicity.

O handsome Amurat, what tears and sighs has the sentiment that occupies your soul caused you? You are not yet, however, at the end of your career; and are galloping over hill and dale with the squire Sabaoth, as was formerly done by the knight of La Mancha with the faithful Sancho.

Sabaoth, dressed up in the long doctoral gown, intended for the father of Ernestina, at that time a physician, was taken for a magician all along the roads; children, at his sight, hid themselves on the breasts of their nurses, young girls

ran away, old people crossed themselves, while the younger ones laughed enough to split their sides. The handsome Amurat, dressed in a gown of sky-blue, inspired other sentiments. He was thought to be a damsel of high rank, if not a princess, so brilliant were his charms, his manners so noble and interesting. The villagers shouted out as they passed, "begone, hasten from hence, thou ill-looking spectre, thou wicked monster, whom that beautiful lady has chosen for her companion, to increase the brightness of her charms by the contrast of thy ugliness!" While they addressed Amurat, "Return, return, fair fugitive, and do not deprive our country of so much beauty." The two Moors, thus disguised, arrived at Madrid, and thence advanced into Arragon, where they gained some intimation of a wandering family having passed through those parts. "It must be them," said Amurat; "let us spur on, friend Sabaoth, we shall surely overtake them." "I am in no such hurry as you are," replied Sabaoth, "what care I for this vagabond family? Sir Amurat, may Mahommed protect you, but, for my part, I shall return to Grenada." "That you can no longer do," answered Amurat; "have you forgotten, that should the Castilians lay hold of you, you are of the set they burn on a slow fire? Come with me into France, there is no Inquisition in that country. We shall recover my Ernestina, and you will find means to live there, as well as any where else. Your profession is not so exalted, but that you may gain by it as much in France as you did in Grenada; besides, that place must assuredly be in the hands of the Spaniards, and what could you now do there? Come with me, I say, my Ernestina is a French-woman, and we shall surely find her. You are old, I am young, and I will work for Ernestina and for you; our Andalusian mares will carry us over the world; come along." Sabaoth complied, and was not the first instance of wisdom being led by folly. Folly! is there any folly that deserves so much indulgence as that of love; it excites energy in the coldest hearts, and attacks the most indifferent. The sighs of Sabaoth were almost in unison with those of Amurat, and on seeing the gambols of the shepherdesses in the plains, his heart revived, and he regretted that the time of his youth had been so much employed in stables. But let us not stop our two fugitives; they arrived at Pampeluna, following the road the Minstrel had taken; but there happened so strange an adventure to Amurat at Pampeluna, we cannot pass it over. A youth of Navarre, struck with the beauty, and deceived by the dress of Amurat, took it into his head to make love to him, while he was alone in the room, and Sabaoth occupied with the care of his horses. The discourteous knight fastened the door, and was about to attempt violence on him: the brave Moor smiled at first at his mistake, and without deceiving the Navarrais, began to defend himself; but

* Vide *Literary Journal*, p. 172.

he other, firmly persuaded that it was a woman, flattered himself with an easy conquest. The blows, however, which he received from Amurat, made him comprehend that it would not be so easy as he had imagined. He had not thought that a woman could have had so much courage and strength. He was knocked down repeatedly, and Amurat was kicking him out of the room when Sabaoth entered in amazement.

Our two adventurers arrived in France, questioning all travellers, and passing through various provinces. They had lost the thread of their inquiries, and were in despair. From Pampeluna to Vaucelles is a long way; how to succeed in so difficult an undertaking!

Sabaoth wept in the most touching and most laughable manner. The two poor Andalusian mares were knocked up—our Pilgrims, however, kept moving; not that they had any longer a hope of success, but they were less tired when travelling than when quiet. They had gained the banks of the Loire; but neither at Angers, Tours, or at Orleans, could they learn any intelligence of the Piper or of his charming daughter. At Paris, they were still more unlucky, for they might have found here a thousand Arabians for one player on the pipes. There were numberless girls, but no Ernestina. God of Love, what a difference between them!

Our Pilgrims left Paris, and took the road to Flanders. Oh, Flanders! We must now return to the sorrowing Ernestina. The poor girl deserved pity—she had no longer those tints of roses and lilies, whose brilliancy could not formerly have been seen with impunity, and she was become so thin and pale, Amurat, the enamoured Amurat himself, would hardly have known her. Unfortunate Amurat! as he travelled, his embarrassments increased: for, independent of the pains of love which he equally suffered with Ernestina, his purse, and that of Sabaoth, were exhausted. They were forced, Mahomedans as they were, to go from convent to convent begging hospitality. One evening, they knocked at the gate of the monastery of Vaucelles. The Minstrel was, at that moment, relating some of his minor adventures, which he had omitted in the history of his life, and they were all sitting round the fire. The wind whistled so loud, some said they heard mournful cries, which probably were nothing but the breeze; but the Minstrel swore that it was an apparition; he was perfectly convinced there were such, for he had seen one at Toledo with his two eyes. "One night," said he, "soon after I had come to Toledo, as I was sleeping in my bed, beside my chaste companion, I heard my water-pot tumble down, which made me start up in my sleep, and, by the glimmering light of my small lamp, I noticed a man in his shirt descend from my window. He seemed to resemble a good deal the officer of the holy brotherhood; but it certainly was an optical illusion which deceived my sight, and made me

mistake a living for a dead man. I jumped out of my bed, and ran into the kitchen, where I passed the remainder of the night in the utmost fear, and without closing an eye."

He was at this part of the story, when they heard a loud knocking at the gate. The Minstrel trembled more than when in his bed he saw the apparition; but they laughed at his alarm, and made him go and see who was at the gate. "Who is there?" "Open to two poor travellers." The gate is opened, and the first person who presented himself to his view was Sabaoth. He thought he was the Devil, and trembled more in all his limbs than formerly in the stable at Grenada, when this flower of grooms laid the thong on his innocent shoulders. Sabaoth also knew again him whom he had taught to physic horses, and who had doctored a Zegris, but did not feel much satisfaction at it, for he was afraid that, now as the Minstrel was on his own dunghill, he might feel himself inclined to repay him all the kindness he had received at Grenada.

The Minstrel did not recollect Amurat, so much had his dress disguised him. He conducted him to the ladies' apartment, where Ernestina came to receive him, and having placed the pretended damsel in proper hands, he returned to the hall of the strangers, where he was accustomed to do the honours of the monastery to visitors, in the absence of the steward.

"Sir Sabaoth, by what adventure are you reduced to ask hospitality in a Christian monastery, you who laid down the laws and gave such rude blows in those superb stables of Grenada?" "Alas," replied Sabaoth, "I may also ask you by what chain of events a Minstrel turned stable-boy, and afterward Esculapius in the kingdom of Murcia, can have fallen from such high state, as to be reduced in the Low Countries to act the part of porter to a set of Monks? But I see now my own fate, that the powerful master of our destinies, after having scattered us over this lower earth, amuses himself sometimes in making us from millers turn Bishops: it has happened to the gallant Zegris, formerly our common master. This great man, appointed General of Grenada, was conquered, Sir Minstrel, by the too fortunate Castillians, and his army completely defeated. I was holding in readiness, behind the baggage, these same Andalusian mares whom I have seen you curricomb and purge with so much intelligence. Vain precaution!—the conqueror advanced, dispersed us, and cut off all passage to Grenada. Finding it impossible to return thither, and fearing the holy office, should I be taken by the Spaniards, I disguised myself, and wrapping myself up in this robe, which was then handsome, I traversed Spain, and arrived in France. But, in the mean time, before I relate to you all my disasters, could you not order me a little something to eat."

The Minstrel, who had no more gall-

than a dove, forgetting all that he had formerly suffered from the redoubtable Sabaoth, flew to the kitchen, and brings him the remains of an old pastry, and a flagon of champagne wine, which the faithless Mussulman finds a thousand times better than all the sour sherbet of Grenada.

Love, thou cruel and delightful god, thou recallest me to thee, and to quit the hall of the strangers to attend to what is passing in the ladies apartment. Precisely at the moment the Minstrel presented the handsome Amurat to Ernestina, this poor unfortunate was weeping over his fate, which was her usual occupation when alone—in company, she contented herself with thinking of him and sighing; "Alas," said she, "he is now, without doubt, no longer among the living—the holy office never quits its prey. He is dead—the beloved of my heart, my eternal torment, and yet my delight." As she was thus talking to herself, a young lady, dirtily dressed, entered the apartment; she wore a veil that covered her face, and a gown that no one would ever have guessed to have been sky-blue, or a robe in which love would ever have dressed out an admirer. This awkward lady advanced, with an embarrassed and melancholy air, and with trembling steps, but without taking her eyes off the ground, towards Ernestina, who conducted her to the chamber she was to sleep in, also without looking at her.

Ye blind admirers of a blind god, neither of you know the other. Ernestina sighs—this sigh is mechanically repeated by Amurat—he seats himself—thanks her, with uplifted hands, without looking at her—Ernestina says, "Madam, can I be of any service to you? Would you wish for any supper?" At the sound of this voice, which vibrated at the bottom of his heart, Amurat cries out, "Ernestina, Ernestina! it must be thee whom I have heard, and whom I have now found again." He throws himself at her feet, while she casts herself into his arms.

The Minstrel's wife, now become cook to the visitors, on coming to receive orders from the strange lady, surprises her daughter in the midst of these inexpressible embraces.—"Mother!" exclaims Ernestina, "it is the faithful Amurat, who has been seeking me all the world over." The reader may remember that this dame had favoured their loves with all her power, and to accomplish their marriage, had not scrupled to rob her husband. She had been in despair of Amurat's life, from the moment she saw him carried off by her ancient lover, the officer of the holy inquisition—she had witnessed the declining health of her daughter—it may be guessed, therefore, how happy the sight of the handsome Moor made her. But how could they make the Minstrel hear reason? he was generally one of the best natured men in the world, but the most intractable in matters of religion. His wife thought of a method that would ensure success: it was to gain over the Lord

Abbot, who certainly ought to know better than any bagpiper, whether a Christian could conscientiously espouse a sectary of Mahommed.

The Lord Abbot was not only free from bigotry, but very well informed. He quoted numberless examples of such marriages legally contracted, from the times of Mahommed to the present moment. He named several kings of Portugal and of Spain, who had married the daughters of Moorish princes, and even emperors of Constantinople, who had formed similar connexions, without the Patriarchs having had any thing to say against them.

After such authorities, nothing remained but to tell the Minstrel what was passing; but this good Minstrel was at the moment in an excess of rage, and had almost throttled poor Sabaoth, who, while they were drinking together, had told him that the pretended girl, who had accompanied him to the monastery, was a boy, and neither more nor less than Amurat. At the name of Amurat, the Minstrel bristled up like a game cock, flung Sabaoth's turban into the fire, and was tearing away his gray beard by handfuls; "Race detested, of Cain or of Beelzebub," bawled out the Minstrel; "was it for such circumcised dogs to pretend to marry my daughter?" They had the utmost difficulty to disengage the unfortunate Sabaoth from the hands of this madman; but no sooner did the Lord Abbot appear, than the sight of his pectoral cross calmed the rage of the respectful serpent. The Abbot told him he was a fool.—"Most reverend father," replied the Minstrel, "my wife has told me so these many years."—"Your wife is in the right," answered the head of the monastery; she is desirous to conclude a marriage which you ought to have had done in Murcia, and had you then consented, you would have spared yourself a great deal of trouble. Unnatural father! would you see your daughter perish before your eyes? Come forward, Ernestina, it is I that will perform this marriage; give me your hand my pretty, and let this faithful Moor receive it; I will that he remain in the convent until my nephew sets out for Friezland, wither he shall accompany him. He has travelled over many parts of the world, and has been unfortunate, two sufficient qualifications to guide the youth of my nephew; he shall be his esquire, and I will take charge of his fortune. I shall instruct him in the principles of our holy religion, and if he embraces it, I pretend that it shall be by persuasion alone, and of his own free will."

The Cambresian was enchanted with the idea of his uncle; he embraced Amurat, who cast himself at the Abbot's feet, and said, "Reverend Father, I will follow no other religion but your's and Ernestina's,—I was the most wretched of mankind—you have made me the most happy."—On his respectfully approaching the Minstrel, he exclaimed, "Ah! with all my heart, now thou art a Christian,

and my Lord Abbot will have it so." He then kissed the hands of his mother-in-law, but the presence of the Abbot could not prevent him from throwing himself with transport into the arms of Ernestina.

All present were much affected, when Sabaoth, of whom no one had thought in these arrangements, said, sorrowfully, "And what is to become of me then?" On turning their eyes on him, the sight of his bald head, his beard, that had been so inhumanly torn by the terrible Minstrel, and his dress all in tatters, together with his strange countenance, formed such a spectacle, that, even at this melting moment, it was impossible to check a laugh. Even Ernestina herself smiled, for the first time, since her separation from Amurat—precious smile—it was a prelude to the happiness she was about to enjoy. The Lord Abbot thrice opened his mouth to address Sabaoth, and thrice burst out into laughter—he recovered himself, however, but it was not without difficulty, to say, "Sir Sabaoth, after the brilliant situation you lately occupied under a Zegris, it may perhaps be indecorous in me to offer you the less honourable employment of taking care of the mule, the ass, and two cart horses of the convent, together with my hackney—but it is all I can offer you, and the only employment that is now vacant."

"My reverend father," replied the old Moor, "beasts for beasts, it is all one to me; and I shall like as well to curry asses and mules, as Andalusian mares. My misery and troubles have cured me of ambition; I therefore accept your offer, and will be the head of your stud, whatever it may consist of."

The marriage day of Amurat and Ernestina was fixed, it was a holiday for all the vassals of the monastery of Vaucelles; and Amurat, on becoming a husband, did not cease being a lover. Ernestina recovered her good looks, and the gaiety of her age. She had only one chagrin, when her husband departed with the young Cambresian, of whom we have said so much in the course of this true history; but this chagrin was not of any duration, for the war in Finland was neither perilous nor long.

The Minstrel gaily grew old under the shade of his serpent—the others began to taste happiness, but, for him, he had always been happy. Feeling, however, an increase of happiness at the comfortable arrangements, he addressed his chaste companion in a dignified manner, which he knew how occasionally to put on. "I have been every thing that it has pleased you to make me—I have been cuckolded and beaten, and yet, my dear, I am happy."—His wife continued to cook, in her best manner, for all the ladies who sought hospitality; and Ernestina had the attention to keep the apartments very clean, and the beds well made. The young boys now became as big as father and mother; passed one of them for the best chimer, and the other for the best raker of walks in all the country of Cambresia.

The Lord Abbot felicitated himself on having attached so many worthy people to his monastery. There were none, not even Sabaoth, who did not feel pride in their employment, and he was quoted as the first of all grooms in that neighbourhood. The Abbot seeing them all so contented by his means, was happy himself from having been the cause—but we may search now, alas, in vain, for such worthiness in monasteries or elsewhere.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—We have to record the failure of a comedy, from the prolific pen of Mr. Kenney, under the title of *A Word for the Ladies*. This gentleman has, of late, been very unsuccessful in his dramatic productions. The "Touchstone," "The House out at Windows," "Rose d'Amour," and the last not least, "A Word for the Ladies," have all been successively and meritoriously damned. We think the last mentioned piece incomparably his worst. The complexity of the plot exceeded (we speak in the past tense) all bounds, and it was really not until we had read some of the morning papers of Friday last, that we were enabled to comprehend what we had witnessed on the previous Thursday. The plot was conducted by incidents equally unintelligible and somewhat more absurd; and the incidents were carried on by means of a dialogue, at once the most ambitious and the most rapid that ever inspired languor in an audience. "Yet," says the Times, "its dialogue was its strong hold." But this may be truth, for certainly there was nothing else to fix the attention, which, by means, however, of *this strong hold*, was occasionally arrested by a startling display of nonsense. Though there were a variety of actors, we could discover no attempt at character, and the dramatis personæ moved on and moved off the stage, with no other effect than that of creating pleasure by their absence. Some old philosopher has said, that there is no book so bad, but what something good may be gleaned from it—we are glad he did not include plays in this remark, for "A Word to the Ladies" would have given the lie to his assertion. If we felt more satisfied with the production under consideration, we would say a word or two respecting the performers, but the greatest charity will be, not to betray them into conspicuous ridicule, by noticing the efforts they uselessly made to render dullness palatable. The prologue and epilogue were wretched productions, and only worthy of being appended to the comedy, which was hissed throughout, and concluded amidst hootings, loud and fervent, as ever proceeded from a "liberal," "brilliant," "overflowing," "enraptured," "electrified," "astonished," "affected," and "admir-ing" audience. We were sorry to receive that there were few lives lost by moderate laughter.

Fugitive Poetry.

ANGLO NORMAN CAROL,

Translated from a Manuscript of the Thirteenth Century, in the British Museum. Bibl. Reg. 16 E. 8. By Francis Douce, Esq.

Now, lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care:
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassell keeps to-day;
And, as the king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontroled sway

Lordings, in these realms of pleasure,
Father Christmas yearly dwells;
Deals out joy with liberal measure,
Gloomy sorrow soon dispels;
Numerous guests, and viands dainty,
Fill the hall and grace the board;
Mirth and beauty, peace and plenty,
Solid pleasures here afford.

Lordings, 'tis said the liberal mind,
That on the needy much bestows,
From Heav'n a sure reward shall find,
From Heav'n, whence ev'ry blessing flows.
Who largely gives with willing hand,
Or quickly gives with willing heart,
His fame shall spread throughout the land,
His mem'ry thence shall ne'er depart.

Lordings, grant not your protection,
To a base unworthy crew;
But cherish, with a kind affection,
Men that are loyal, good, and true.
Chace from your hospitable dwelling,
Swinish souls that ever crave;
Virtue they can ne'er excel in,
Gluttons never can be brave.

Lordings, Christmas loves good drinking,
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou*;
English ale, that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors, old or new.
Every neighbour shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep,
Drinks his fill without control,
Till he drowns his care in sleep.

And now, by Christmas, jolly soul!
By this mansion's generous sire!
By the wine, and by the bowl,
And all the joys they both inspire!
Here I'll drink a health to all;
The glorious task shall first be mine,
And ever may foul luck befall
Him that to pledge me shall decline!

THE CHORUS.

Hail, Father Christmas! hail to thee!
Honour'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures wait on those,
Who, like vassals, brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due

DANDIES.

DANDIES, to make a greater show,
Wear coats stuck out with pads and puff-
ing;
And this is surely *à-propos*,
For what's a Goose without the stuffing?

* Gascoigne and Anjou being, at this time, under the dominion of the English sovereigns, were not regarded as part of France.

ADVANCE OF PRICE
OF THE
LITERARY JOURNAL.

IN closing the first volume of the **LITERARY JOURNAL**, the Publisher begs to call to the Reader's recollection, the views with which this Paper was commenced, and which were set forth in the Address to the Public, contained in the first number. In particular, the Reader will not forget the solicitude which was betrayed, to render the **LITERARY JOURNAL** a **PAPER FOR ALL**, not only in its Contents, but in its **PRICE**. Governed by that solicitude, a price was affixed, but little in conformity with the spirit of trade, and which, from the first, competent judges pronounced to be insufficient to cover the mere expenses of printing and paper. A fair and long experiment has now been made, the result has proved the solidity of the doubt entertained, and a change, at length, is reluctantly to be adopted. The zeal of serving the public; the ambition to be the instrument of diffusing literary blessings and pleasures throughout the widest attainable circle,—must no longer be fostered nor indulged, in defiance of every dictate of prudence. If a feeling of patriotism may be believed to have hitherto influenced the **PRICE** of the **LITERARY JOURNAL**, and if this has been now yielded to, for so long a period, as since the commencement of this publication, not only without private reward, but at a private sacrifice of labour and money—it will now be allowed, that we have been **PATRIOTIC LONG ENOUGH**, and may claim, in future, to act a little more after the manner of the world. Our receipts, hereafter, must at least equal our expenses; and, to this end, two arrangements have presented themselves to our choice; the one to diminish the bulk, and probably the value, of the **LITERARY JOURNAL**, in a degree more commensurate with its original **PRICE**; and the second, to continue the original bulk and value, and to raise the **PRICE** in a degree commensurately. A plan not exactly conformable to either of these ideas, is that which has been fixed upon. It is resolved to increase both the **VALUE** and the **PRICE**; and the **SECOND VOLUME** will therefore be commenced, next week, with the Forty-First Number, recommended, it is hoped, by some new claims on that public favour which the **LITERARY JOURNAL** has so largely experienced,—and at the price of **NINEPENCE**.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Highly-gifted personages as we confessedly are riddle-guessing, or the powers of an **Œdipus**, is more than we lay claim to. There are, we believe, among a number of ingenious ladies and gentlemen, who dive into mysteries of this kind with the most enviable quickness, and who are naturally pleased with opportunities of doing that which they perform so well. There are others no less skilful in constructing those labyrinths in which ordinary mortals, like ourselves, are lost. When, therefore, we received any of the whole tribe of Riddles, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, or Conundrums, we have placed them respectfully in our columns, for the benefit of those concerned, and without venturing to form a conjecture of their cabalistic meanings. It is absolutely to this simplicity of ours, (called, somewhat harshly, by our Correspondent, Mr. Bland—our carelessness), that must be attributed our innocent insertion of a Rebus by another Correspondent, X., for which we are indebted for the receipt of more than a score of letters, and which we now learn to signify the name of a third Correspondent, well-known to our readers—the name of **BEPPU**. Some of these letters applaud, and some, like that of Mr. Bland, condemn our insertion of the Rebus. We reply, in the first place, that had its lines involved even the sacred name of the **LITERARY JOURNAL**, we should have inserted it with equal unconsciousness: and secondly, that though we should probably have withheld it from our readers, had we been aware of the name intended, yet we do not entirely profess to screen any Correspondent whatever from the animadversions of any other Correspondent; that we have repeatedly expressed ourselves to this effect, as to all our Correspondents; and that the rule must be understood to apply, as well to Correspondents in verse, as to Correspondents in prose.

On this occasion, however, we may take notice of a large number of letters which we have long been in the habit of receiving, on the subject of the communications of **BEPPU**. Some of these are highly in praise of that writer's productions, while others have been at least as heavily laden with censure. Several letters have assured us that, to the certain knowledge of each of the writers, some dozen or half dozen constant purchasers have resolved on discontinuing the **LITERARY JOURNAL**, on account of our pertinacious insertion of the productions of **BEPPU**—a mode of appeal this, as we understand it, which is designed to move our compassion for the unfortunate seceders. Now, our own conclusion, from the large share of attention which **BEPPU** appears to excite in our pages, and from the uniform transfer of his verses into other publications—from his friends, and from his foes—that he is undoubtedly a writer of genius, and that his productions are usually among the best ornaments of the **LITERARY JOURNAL**.

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